Haſt. His grace lookes cherefully and ſmooth to day,
Thers ſome conceite or other liks him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then hee:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewde it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diueliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death,
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head: Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſwere,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca, with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh now I warrant the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour,
Oh *Margret*, *Margret*: now thy heauie curſe
Is lightened on poore *Haſtings* wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the Duke would bee at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worlly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in the aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken ſayler on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head.
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead *Exeunt*

Enter Duke of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, in armour.

Glo. Come couſen, canſt thou quake & change thy coloure
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and madd with terror,
Buc. Tut feare not me,
I can counterfeit the deepe *Traiedian*,
Speake and looke backe and prie on euery ſide;
Intending deepe ſuſpition gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior,*
Glo. Here comes the maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord maior
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.
Glo. *Catesby* ouer looke the walles.
Buc. Harke, *I* heare a drumme,
Glo. Looke backe defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our inocency defend vs
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

Enter